

The New York Times MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

Printed by the New
Rotogravure Process

VOLUME 1. NO. 24.

PRICE TEN CENTS

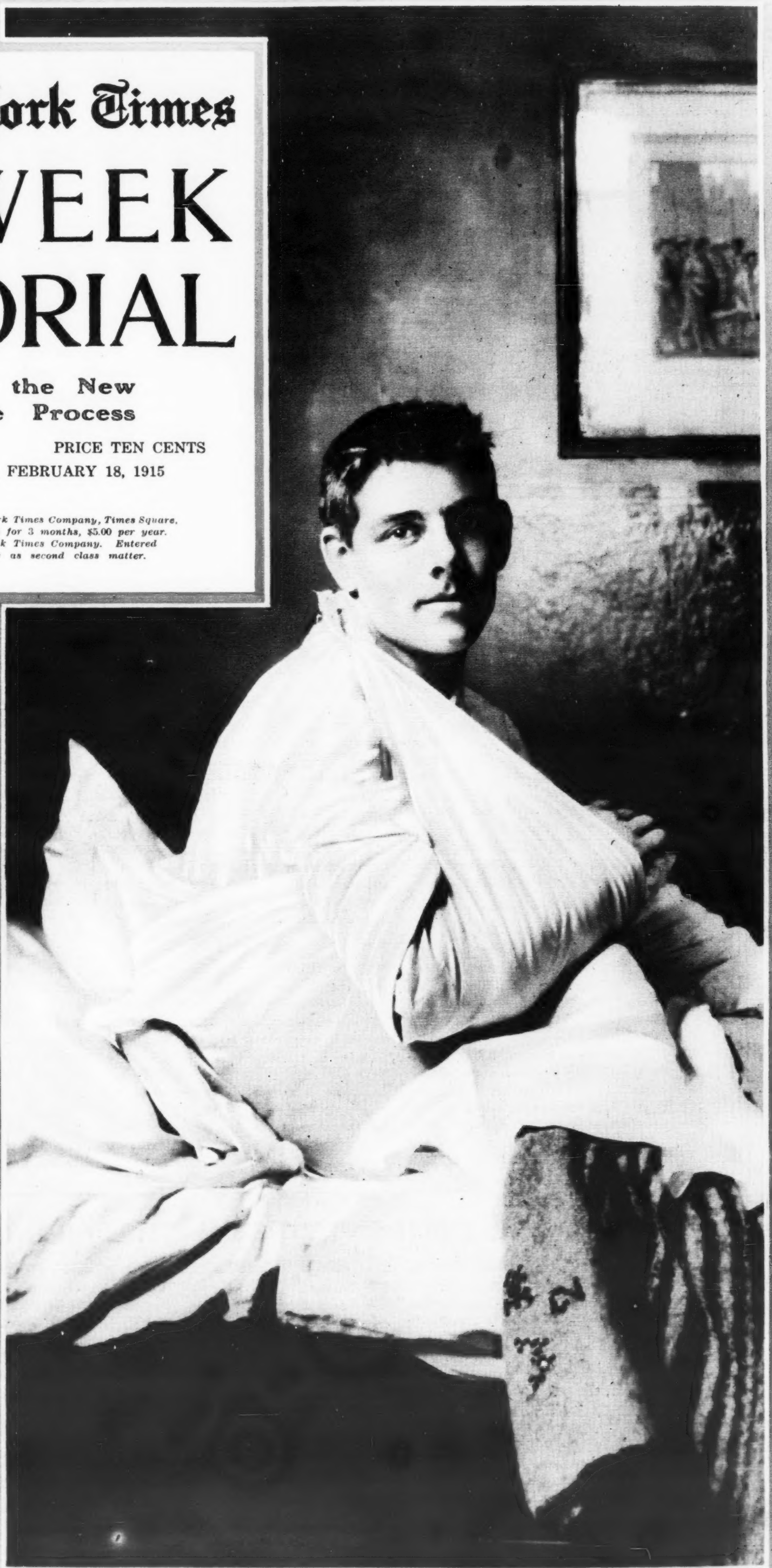
NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915

Published every week by The New York Times Company, Times Square,
New York. Subscription rate, \$1.25 for 3 months, \$5.00 per year.
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"I'm Telling Ye,
Laddie, It Was a
Wee Bit Warm."

Private Miller of the Famous
Black Watch Regiment Describ-
ing the Fight for Calais.

(From a Kodak Negative.)



PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR

SOME of the hardest stories to believe are those of soldiers who invite capture; who throw up their hands and surge into the enemy's trenches, holding their weapons above their heads. Its unreality begins to disappear if we dismiss from our minds our involuntary picture of hard-grained and bearded soldiers and think of high school boys yet innocent of whiskers and going through tasks that tax their tender limbs.

The word Cossack suggests a fierce and relentless soldier of middle age and long experience. The Cossack in real life is likely to be a boy of 17 or 18, education not completed yet, arms and legs not quite as hard as they should be, shyly beginning to be interested in girls, and very much ashamed of a liking for chocolate.

"These boys," says Arnoldo Fracarolli, in a Milanese paper—he is talking of some Russian prisoners taken by the Austrians at the battle of Leopoli—"for they were none of them more than 18, and all had in their faces a certain ingenuous childishness, far removed from the semi-barbarous aspect that an inflamed literature has unjustly fixed on the Russian Army—had been taken in the trenches, the sole survivors of their company. Seeing themselves lost, they had thrown down their arms and raised their hands in surrender. Over their heads whistled the shells of the artillery—there were, it seemed, still some companies at it, but the prisoners felt no longer much interest. They were out of it. But when they saw me point my camera at them they straightened up proudly, looked the lens firmly in the eye, and marched by in step. It was the pride of race that spoke. They wished the photograph to show that these Russian prisoners were still soldiers."

The Timid Cossacks

IT seems strange, but is not strange, to hear Mr. Fracarolli say: "The prisoners, who are remarkably young, active, slender fellows, gaze at their surroundings with glances partly timid, partly curious."

Partly timid. It is hard to associate such a word with Cossacks. War assumes many false guises to the stay-at-home, and he knows very little of how it is waged and who wages it. The casualty lists are divided between officers and men; officers and boys would be more truly descriptive. We may have a violent antipathy for the Turkish soldier, regarding him as a middle-

aged and much be-whiskered bandit, morose in his disposition, filled with a desire to massacre all Christians and much given to polygamy. Possibly, if we knew the truth, the soldiers who were slaughtered by the Russians in the snow-filled passes of the Caucasus when three Turkish army corps were wiped out, were seventeen-year-old school boys who last July were looking forward to leaving school and getting jobs in some rug factory in Syria. We talk of the horrors of war, but we do not know all the horrors. It is very likely that when the Turks forced their way to Tabriz and four hundred Persians fought them to the death to save the retreat of their comrades, there was not a Persian in that gallant little outpost old enough to vote, if he had been an American citizen, or to think seriously of anything except whatever may be the Persian equivalent for baseball and chewing-gum.

At sea it is again the boys who do the fighting. When we think of a sea battle, our view is somehow unconsciously colored by a recollection of the days when the press gang dragged fathers of families into the King's service and when a sea-faring man was likely to be one seasoned and full of years. But the man who serves our guns today is just a boy; his period of enlistment is short, he does not return to the Navy, and his place is promptly filled by others like himself, just crowding up from the higher school grades. So it may clarify our views a little if when we read of such a wholesale massacre as that of Admiral Cradock's squadron or of Admiral von Spee's, we forget our preconception of whiskered, experienced, and possibly ear-ringed seamen, and think of the slaughter as that of boys—boys about old enough to find their main interest concerned with learning how to dance or match each other for seats in the top gallery.

Science Not All

THE machine-like character of twentieth century war has been dwelt upon so much, and naturally, too, because it is the differentiating thing, that we are in danger of overlooking a fact so elementary that it almost seemed silly to enforce it. That is that high human valor, endurance and patience cannot be obliterated by the best products of Krupp. Men fight and die, love women and do other elemental things without regard to the changed forms of the society in which they may happen to live.

The old merchantman bade farewell to romance when steam took the place of sails; but Kipling wrote "McAndrew's Hymn" and proved the pessimist a fool. The mail-clad soldiers of Acre—and stretching a few centuries further on, but there was no great difference in the manner of warfare between Richard Coeur de Lion and Henry V.—would have thought the introduction of the musketoon unsportsmanly and a death blow to the joy of war; and what would have been their emotions if they had had to contemplate the 42-centimeter gun or the Zeppelin?

And yet the old high heroism has not changed. In soggy ditches along the north of France, in Belgium and through the Western middle of Poland, the invincible human being is demonstrating his possession of the same qualities that Winkelried and Sidney showed in an earlier day. It is very seriously to be doubted if in any of the earlier and more unscientific wars there were so many displays of heroism on a high scale as there have been in this brutal, methodical and arithmetical organized massacre.

The Heroic Boys and Girls

FROM the telephone girl at Dahlen, signaling to the Belgian commanders where to aim their shots until the Germans crushed her and stilled her voice with a single shell, and the other telephone girl at Novoryssok, sitting at her post when men had fled, to young Haggard calling on his Welshmen to charge as he lay dying, or Von Spee lining up his men to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein," as their ship plunged below the waves, to the young hero who dived under five rows of mines to torpedo the Turkish warship Hamidieh, to von Muller challenging fate and Lody dying bravely in the Tower, to Leman fighting the fortresses of Liege until his mind was gone and then addressing a pathetic plea to King Albert to forgive him because his words were disjointed and unconnected—the six months of war have produced more stories which give us an ennobling impression of the race we belong to than many years of battle in past times ever created. Barbara Frietchies, Belle Boyds, Paul Revers and Casabiancas are so frequent in this war that they seldom get more than two or three sticks on an inside page; and the Whittiers and Hemanses who would have immortalized them in other wars are too busy.

THREE INCIDENTS FROM THE FIRING LINE

A PRIVATE of the London Scottish, with a chum from the same regiment, was looking one evening into the window of a small grocery store in a village of Northern France which has thus far escaped ruin. A quick word in German suddenly made them spin about. They turned to face two revolvers, held by a Uhlan. Their hands went up at once. Five seconds later there was a fizzing sound, and the German stumbled back, caught his foot, and fell. The Englishmen were on top of him in an instant and made him prisoner. Then they thanked the groceryman, their deliverer, who

had dashed out of his shop with a siphon of soda and squirted it directly in the German's eyes.

Private Mackenzie of the Gordon Highlanders writes home that he and his company mates had not been able to bathe for a week, during recent fighting in Belgium near Ypres, despite the mud in which they had been operating. At last the chance came, and all the men of the company stripped to the waist to take advantage of it. Just as they had done so the cry rose: "The Germans!" Half naked, the Highlanders had to seize their rifles, bayonets,

and cartridge belts, and dash out to meet the enemy. A stiff fight ensued. Mackenzie says that two-thirds of the men were unable to recover the missing parts of their uniforms afterward, while several men wounded in the fight were shipped back to England without even a shirt to their backs.

Sergt.-Major Keith of the Princess Patricia Light Infantry (Canadian), had one of the stripes shot off the sleeve of his tunic the first day the regiment went under fire. As the stripe vanished Keith remarked: "The Germans have reduced me to a Corporal."

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(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

"CARMEN SYLVA," RUMANIA'S DOWAGER QUEEN, FAVORS ALLIES

THE death of King Carol of Rumania, on Oct. 10 last parted a couple that were almost on the eve of their golden wedding. Nearly fifty years of unclouded happiness had been theirs, save for the loss of their only child, a daughter, in 1874. Still, the war, as in less conspicuous households, offered the occasion for marital discord, for King Carol favored Germany and Austria, and Queen Elizabeth the Allies. Hence the Rumanians, being a Latin people, are more likely to cherish the memory of their Queen, whose moral support cheers them on toward war, than that of their King, even though he saved their country at Plevna.

When, in 1869, the Prussian Prince who was later to become King of Rumania married Princess Elizabeth of Wied, he was an out and out

Hohenzollern, and she, both by education and temperament, more French than German. She had lived in London and Paris and was just beginning to be known as the author of verse and fairy tales under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva."

On the very day in 1870 when the Rumanian Chamber unanimously declared its sympathy with the French in their struggle with Prussia and the allied German States, the Queen had joined in their sentiment by a similar message to the Empress Eugenie. The King, on the contrary, had telegraphed the aged King of Prussia, the grandfather of the present German Kaiser:

"My sentiments will always be where the black and white banner waves."

That was the beginning. Forty-five years later we find the King striving to have Rumania

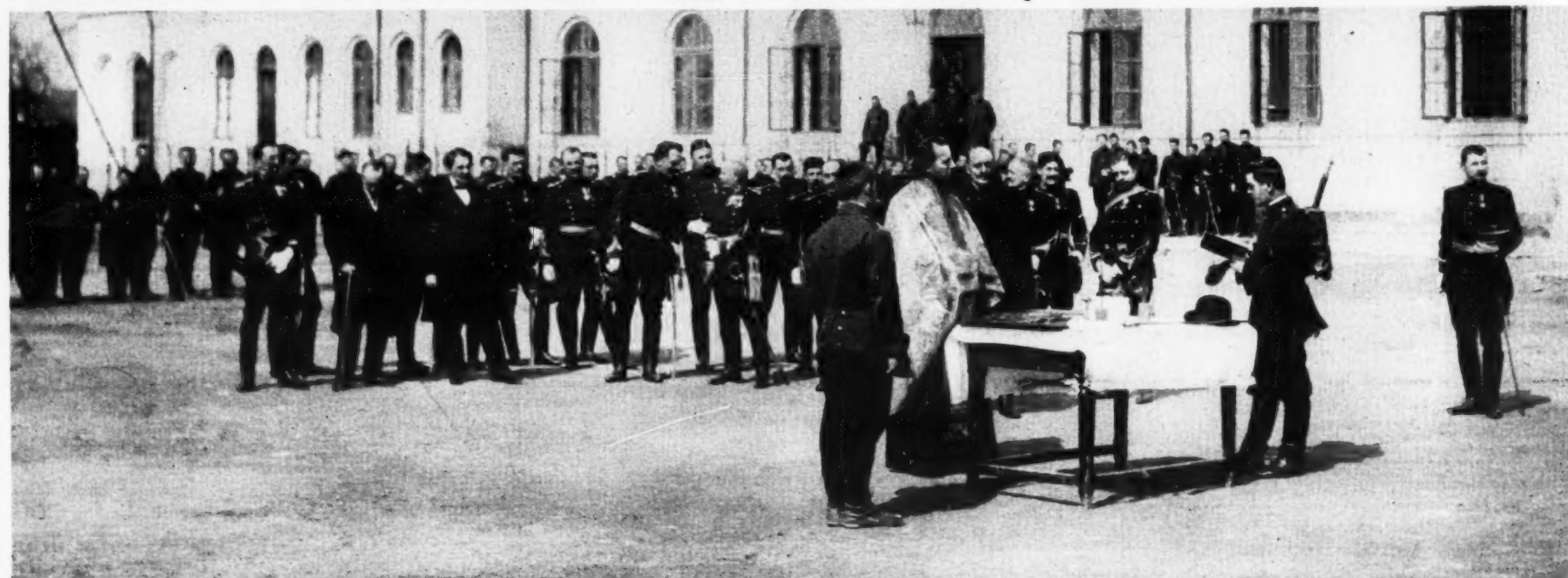
side with his Fatherland and "Carmen Sylva," in spite of the fact that she is the aunt of the Kaiser's protege, the ill-fated king of Albania, forbidding the German language to be spoken in her presence. Even in 1910, according to Pierre Loti, who visited her at her Summer home in Sinaia, she had insisted on translating into French any German book she desired to read. The French writer thus describes "Carmen Sylva" at work:

"As soon as each sheet was finished it was torn off. Poems and spontaneous thoughts, novels and dramas were conceived and feverishly transferred to paper in the exhausting effort to lay hold as rapidly as possible of one of those unexpressed ideas to which her fertile imagination gave birth."

WATCHFUL WAITING BEHIND THE RUMANIAN BORDER



RUMANIAN RECRUITS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE NATIVE COSTUME.



RUMANIAN SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.



INFANTRY ASSEMBLING ON THE FRONTIER.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

WATCHFUL WAITING BEHIND THE RUMANIAN BORDER

Building Rumania's Army

REVERENCE for their late king who had done so much for them is not unlikely one of the restraining sentiments, which, added to practical exigencies, have so far kept the Rumanians out of the war. When he, as Prince Carol, was elected to reign over them in 1866 he found three tasks before him: To build up the army, to throw off the yoke of Turkey, and to educate the populace.

Ten years later the army he had built up saved the Russian army from certain defeat. The next year it secured the country's independence at Plevna. When King Carol died he had the satisfaction of knowing that through his efforts the illiteracy of the country had been reduced from 80 to 20 per cent—from the present illiteracy of Spain to below that of Austria.

In 1876 it took him two months to give any sort of organization to the 80,000 men he mobilized against Osman Pasha. It took as many weeks in October, 1914, for his minister of war to expand the peace army of 103,460 into an expectant neutral force of 650,000.

But this army will not fight as the dead king would have had it fight. To the north-west of Rumania, in the Austro-Hungarian lands of Bukowina and Transylvania are as many Rumanians as there are in Rumania, all of whom have a common ancestry in the Latin population of the ancient Roman province of Dacia. The people see as the late King could not see that now is the time to free their kinsmen before Russia entirely over runs these lands and claims them as her own (she already rules 2,000,000 Rumanians in Bessarabia and the outlying districts).

And as Take Jonesco, former minister of state, declared at a banquet the other evening in Bucharest:

"So much the worse for us if the Allies continue to fight alone."

The fine status, in discipline and morale, of the Rumanian army was well illustrated by their invasion of Bulgaria in July, 1913. It remains only to be seen how it will acquit itself in the field, and whether the soldiers have individual initiative as have the soldiers of England and France.

Two things favor them. Their tactics, which are French with American modifications, and their early training, for in Rumania they have military drill in the public schools. From the age of 19 till 21 this training is continued by various social organizations, and then they enter the army, there to serve during varying periods until they are 42. They carry in the infantry the Mannlicher magazine rifle, which is a reliable, far-reaching weapon.

In times of peace the army costs the State about \$14,000,000 so the \$20,000,000 war loan which the State has just obtained from the Bank of England, evidently means business.

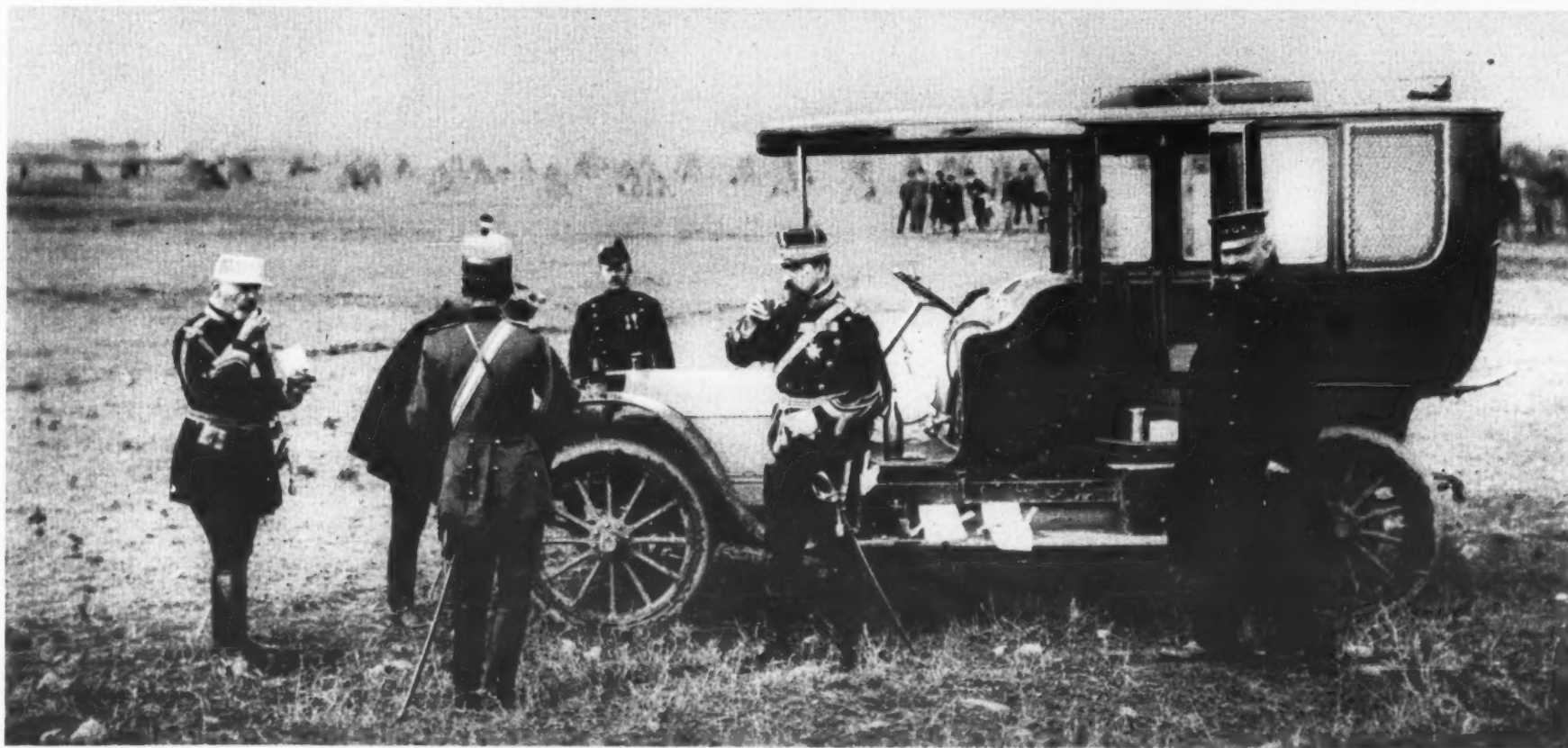


RUMANIAN TRANSPORT WAGON DRAWN BY OXEN.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



THE ROYAL CASTLE PELESCH, NEAR SINAIA.



THE KING OF RUMANIA AT THE ARMY MANOEUVRES.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



THIS INTERESTING GROUP IN FRANCE INCLUDES CHAPLAINS OF THREE DIFFERENT CREEDS WORKING TOGETHER FOR THE RED CROSS.



TWO GERMAN PRISONERS BEING EXAMINED BY A FRENCH LIEUTENANT THROUGH AN INTERPRETER.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



THE MARKET PLACE AT VAILLY, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF A CROSS-FIRE OF BOMBARDMENT FROM THE GERMAN AND FRENCH GUNS.



HIS EXCELLENCY KOLEVE, THE FORMER GOVERNOR OF LIEGE, NOW COMMANDER OF THE THIRD RESERVE DIVISION IN THE EAST.

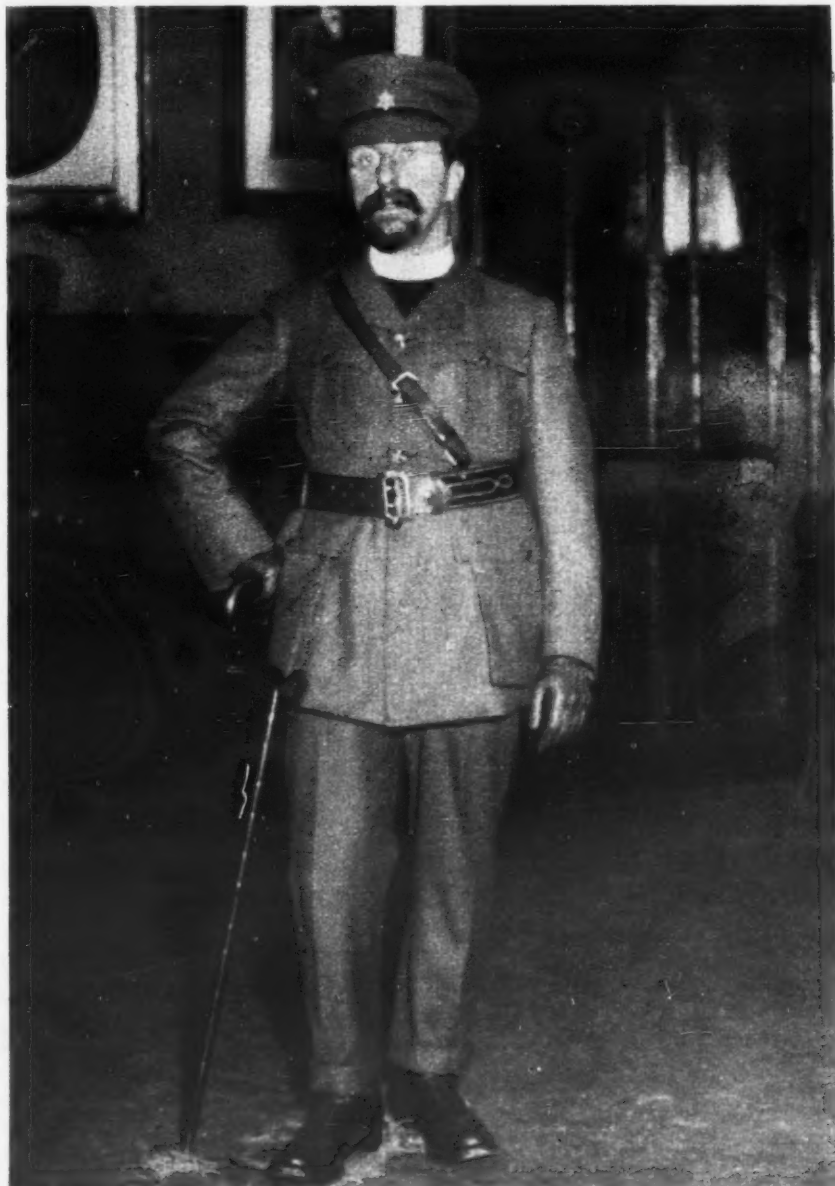
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



CONSECRATING TWO MOTOR AMBULANCES FOR THE FRONT AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



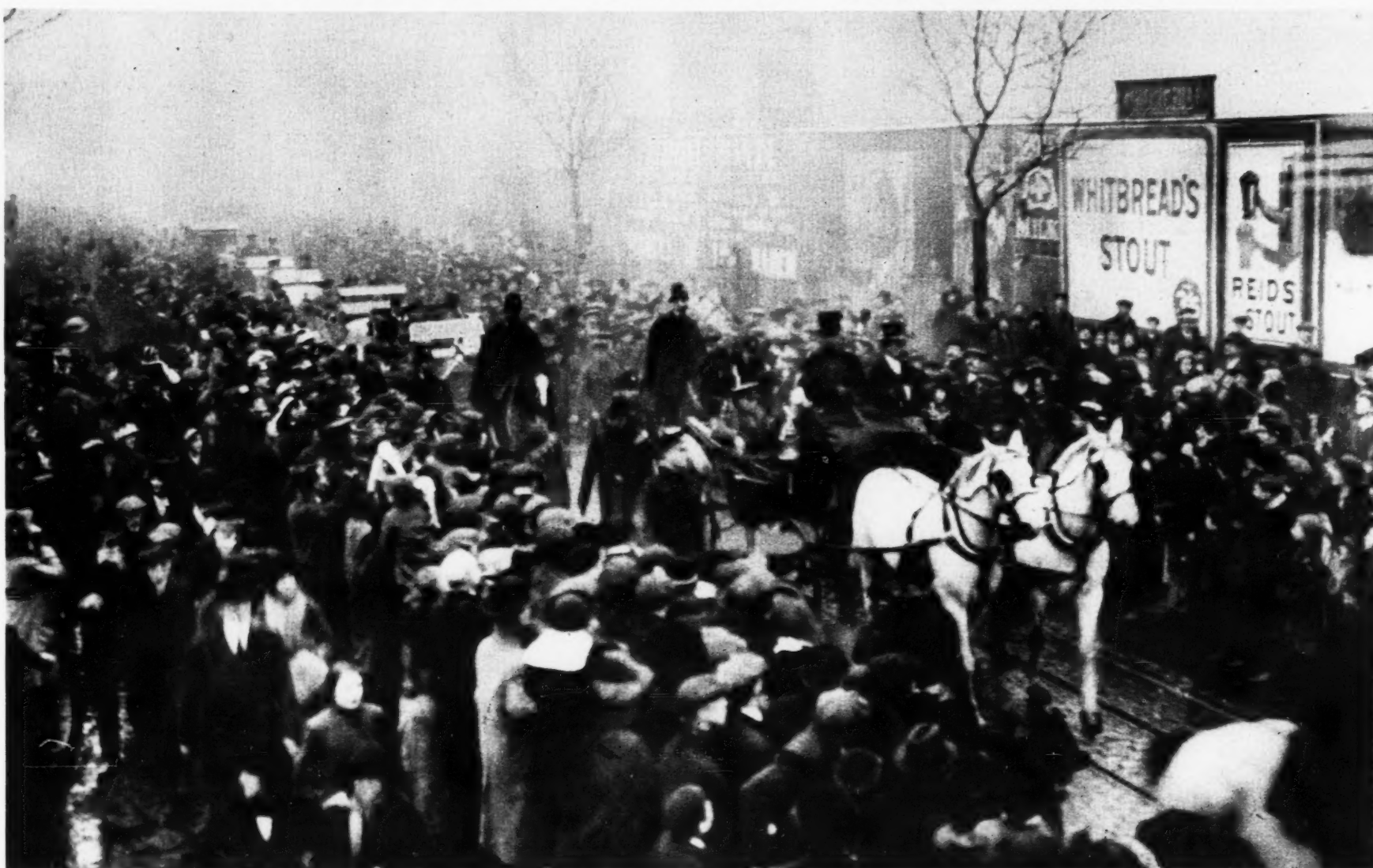
The Reverend Michael Adler, Senior Jewish Chaplain Now at the Front. He Says There Are Over Ten Thousand Jews Serving in the British Forces.



Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, Whose Son, Flight Commander Hewlett, Is Missing After the Raid on the German Fleet. Mrs. Hewlett Taught Her Son to Fly.

(Photo from Jean Wick.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

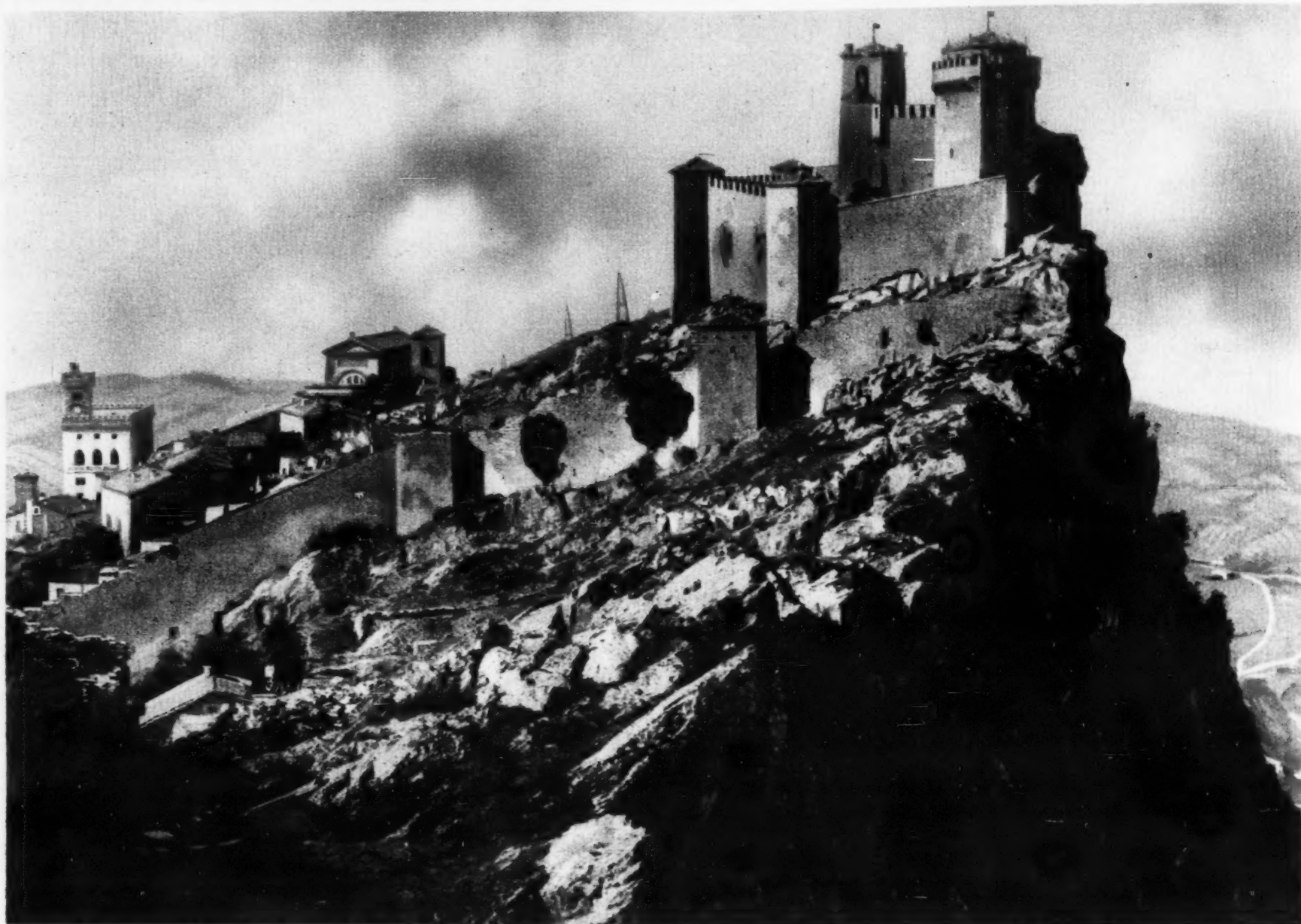


Welcoming a British Hero, Corporal Holmes, V. C., of Bermondsey. His Native Town Made Quite an Event of His Home-Coming.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



A FRENCH GUN BROUGHT INTO POSITION OVER A CORDUROY ROAD ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BY ARTILLERY SAPPERS.

(Photo © by International News Service.)



TWO VIEWS OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.
(Photos from George Grantham Bain.)



SAN MARINO ONCE MORE SEEKS INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION

WHEN a few weeks ago it was announced in the press that to a German commission had been denied a reception by the Republic of San Marino most persons were puzzled. Few had even heard of the nation which had thus defied Germany. After all, it is a mere mite of a nation. With the help of a magnifying glass and a fair map of Italy one may find this little area of 32 square miles, with its population of scarce 12,000, and its army of 1,200, just 145 miles due north of Rome and 15 miles from the Adriatic.

But why this republic, in the heart of monarchical Italy, and why its defiance of Germany? For a thousand years and more it has nestled there on a miniature tableland of the Apennines, 2,437 feet above the level of the sea, with its precipitous cliffs below and its three mountain peaks above—its "tre penne" as shown on its national shield—and periodically defied the world. No one really knows its origin, although the tradition is that St. Marinus fleeing hither from the per-

secutions of Diocletian made it the first Christian stronghold in Italy; and among its archives there is an old parchment which purports to be a declaration of war launched against Charlemagne in 790, although, according to his Latin Boswell, Einhard, the great man died without having ever heard of the place.

For centuries the San Marinese have been yearning to achieve international renown commensurate with the antiquity, if not with the importance, of their State. In the Middle Ages they were arbiters in the quarrels of the great families who surrounded them and again and again gave asylum to the heads of the Malatesta and the Montefeltro, just as they did to Garibaldi in 1849.

Their rocks have never been climbed by an invader. Even Napoleon gazed up at them and went on his way. They joyfully welcomed the unification of Italy, but had some trouble in gaining recognition from the Quirinal. It was merely an oversight, but it deeply offended the San

Marinese, who threatened to break off diplomatic relations. Since then, try as they would to achieve their place in the sun, the San Marinese have only succeeded in negotiating a series of treaties for the mutual return of criminals. One of the treaties was made with the United States.

The San Marinese had great hopes of the war, but Italy's continued neutrality made them despondent. Then an idea came to them and they acted on it. They built a great wireless station on one of their "tre penne" and began to intercept messages from Berlin, Vienna, and the German stations in the Levant, which they promptly transmitted to the Allies.

In vain the German Ambassador at Rome, Prince von Buelow, expostulated with the Italian Government. The latter could do nothing. Then a German commission was sent to San Marino, with the result recorded. The republic has not yet declared war on Germany, but its wireless still keeps up its non-neutral buzzing. Anything is likely to happen. The San Marinese are capable of all.

ARMED NEUTRALITY IN ITALY



BERSAGLIERI REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH AVLONA, ALBANIA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT ITALIAN OCCUPATION.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



HOW A MOUNTAIN MACHINE GUN IS TRANSPORTED IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.



ITALIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

HER PICTURESQUE ARMY.

IF Germany may find excuse for her excessive militarism in the exposed situation of her frontiers, Italy's excuse is both historical and obvious. Since Gaius Marius drove out the ancestors of the present Germans by overwhelming their advance armies between Turin and Milan in 101 B. C., Italy has never successfully repelled an invader from the north. And every autumn the manoeuvres held on the French, rather than on the Austrian frontier, have been a spectacular tribute paid to the Triple Alliance rather than a preparation for the eventuality which both Government and people have realized is inevitable.

Until quite recently the exactions of the Triple Alliance demanded that Italy should expend her energy of life and treasure, not on her army, but on her fleet. Influences from Berlin and Vienna as well as Socialist propaganda had reduced the former perilously near the irreducible minimum and invited the substitution of a national militia. The latter calamity was narrowly avoided by the awakening of the Italians to their unpreparedness at the time of the defeat of their arms by the Abyssinians in 1896. The army was then saved. But it was barely saved. Since then it has been developed under great economic difficulties and amid social distractions which have gone far to obliterate the memory of the achievements of the Piedmontese regulars and the Garibaldians in the wars for Unification.

The Italian soldier, whether Piedmontese or Calabrian, when properly trained and directed, is among the best in the world; but the military colleges of Turin, Modena, and Pinerolo are not; while the poor pay of officers and the social distinction which places those of the cavalry above those of the infantry or artillery have forced the General Staff to labor at a great disadvantage.

All the same, political, social, and economic influences have not particularly harmed three corps from which a great and powerful army is gradually being developed—the cavalry, whose regiments still preserve the names of their places of origin and fame; the Bersaglieri, or mobile sharpshooters; and the Cacciatori Alpini, or Alpine rangers, who would form the first line of defense in case of invasion.

These corps, although differing widely in tradition, character, and achievements, have been trained under efficient officers to a high state of perfection. The feats of the cavalry are as well known at international horse shows as they are in the Campagna Romana; the manoeuvres of the Bersaglieri lend animation to many a tranquil landscape; and the work of the Alpine rangers, amid the snowy ramparts of the mountains—in feats of marksmanship and climbing—is unique in military history. All three corps are indigenous to the Peninsula and characteristic of the picturesque, people from whom they are drawn.



ARMED NEUTRALITY IN ITALY. A DETACHMENT OF ALPINE

(Photo from Paul Thompson)



F ALPINE TROOPS IN MANOEUVRES NEAR MONT BLANC.
(From Paul Thompson.)

ARMED NEUTRALITY IN ITALY.



ITALIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY AT MOBILIZATION MANOEUVRES IN THE ALPS.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



The Picturesque Uniform and Unique Equipment of the Famous Alpine Bicycle Corps.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III., Who Ascended the Throne July 29, 1900.

(Photo from Rogers.)

ARMED NEUTRALITY IN ITALY.



THE ARCH OF TITUS, ONE OF THE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL TREASURES OF ROME.



TAORMINA, OVERLOOKING THE IONIAN SEA. ONE OF THE MOST SUPERB VIEWS IN EUROPE.



A PICTURESQUE CANAL IN VENICE.

(Photos from C. L. Aab.)

BRITAIN'S FIGHTING PEERS IN ACTIVE SERVICE IN FLANDERS.



THE EARL OF GRANARD
In Command of the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment. He Married Miss Beatrice Mills, Daughter of Ogden Mills of New York.



VISCOUNT NEWRY,
A Captain of the Life Guards, Conspicuous for Bravery at Ypres.

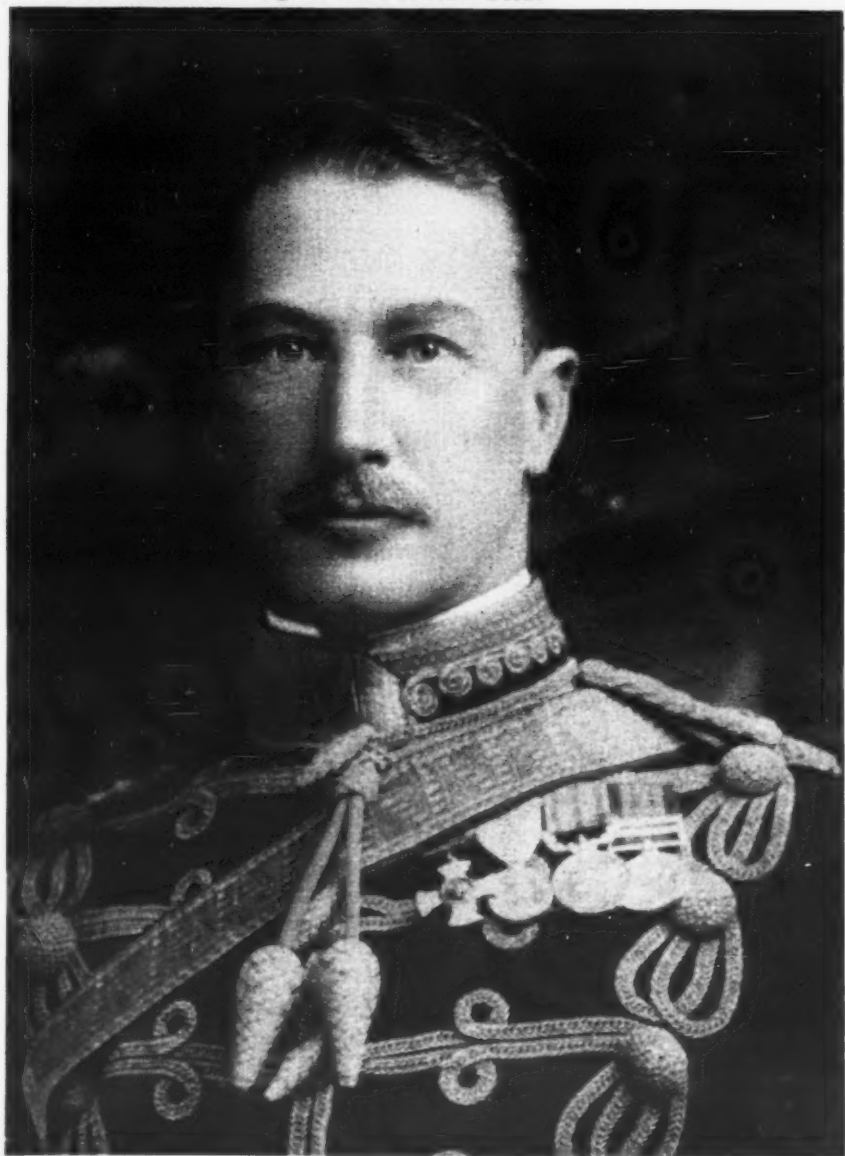
ALTHOUGH, in the Boer War, England learned the tactical advantage to be derived from the individual initiative of the private soldier, the application of this principle has not been easy. Although able to shift for himself with the most intelligent troops of the world, when deprived of officers, the English Tommy, collectively, is bound by military and social tradition to depend upon his superiors of noble blood and ancient ancestry.

The responsibility thus placed upon the English upper class has been infinite. Its usefulness has in a measure been diminished by modern long-distance fighting, while its fatality to the upper class has been increased by the deadliness of modern weapons. For years the late Lord Roberts labored, almost in vain, to prevent officers from needlessly exposing themselves and to educate the men to a point where their sentiment would not demand such sacrifices.

But tradition and sentiment die hard in the British army and the death toll of distinguished names in the present war is proportionately even more dismal than it was in the Boer War. Up to the middle of January, 1915, the total casualties among British officers registered 4,344; of these 1,266 had been killed, 2,416 wounded, and 662 were missing. It is not to be denied that many of these cases concern officers who had risen from the ranks or were volunteers from the mercantile and professional classes, who had proven their ability to command men in various ways.

But that is not the point. Their very knowledge of military affairs which teaches them to preserve their lives—to direct from safety rather than to lead from exposure—places them at a disadvantage, when compared with their rash and noble colleagues, who are ready to pay the penalty of their social by diminishing the real value of their military rank.

There are at present 178 peers serving in the British army. These include eight Dukes, ten Marquises, sixty-one Earls, twenty-two Viscounts, and seventy-seven Barons. Among the dead are the Earl of Annesley, Viscount Hawarden, and Lord Congleton. The Duke of Roxburghe, the Marquises of Northampton and Tweeddale, the Earl of Leven and Lords Gerard and Somers have been wounded. The Earls of Erne and Stair are prisoners of the Germans.



LORD DECIES,
Who Married Miss Vivien Gould, Has Had a Distinguished Military Career.



THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE,
Who Was Wounded in the Early Fighting in France.
(Photos from Rogers.)

INTERIOR OF A FRENCH RED CROSS TRAIN AT THE FRONT.

Moving French Wounded

WITH its new ambulance trains and road ambulances, France has now an ideal system of caring for the wounded. As feeders for the trains there have just been sent from England to the French Red Cross sixty-five ambulances which appear to be the last word.

They possess two features hitherto unknown in the military ambulance—a heating apparatus and a traction engine which is said to be able to conquer the roughest roads.

When the war began, France was in a deplorable condition as regards ambulance service. The obsolete system of field hospitals obtained. These hospitals were established as near the front as possible, in some sheltered place, and there the surgeons attended to the wounds of the men who were brought in. The scheme was to give efficient aid to the men as soon as possible. But the provision for removing the wounded later was inadequate and, at the battle of Mons, owing to the congestion, hundreds of men, many only slightly wounded, who had been in the field hospital for a week or ten days were left behind.

Now all this has been changed and the field hospital is merely a clearing house for the wounded. The wounded man here receives second aid; the first, when necessary—either in the form of a bandage or opiate—being administered by the stretcher-bearers on the firing line itself.

On receiving second aid the wounded man is then transported to an auxiliary field hospital far from the firing line, where his injuries receive more careful attention. There are very few amputations in field hospitals in the present war and nearly 80 per cent. of the wounded recover.

Beyond the auxiliary field hospitals there are others, each one provided to render special service, according to the nature of the wounds, and beyond all these are the base hospitals, where the soldier under pleasant surroundings, receives thorough treatment and nursing until he is able to return to the front or is obliged, through a protracted illness or permanent injury, to go to his home.

The new scientific manner of handling the wounded includes a constant sifting of patients until a base hospital is reached and a mobile system of transport, such as has never been seen in the rear of a battle line before.



The Seats and Racks Are Converted Into Comfortable Bunks for the Men.



The Tiny but Convenient Kitchen.

(Photos © by American Press Assn.)

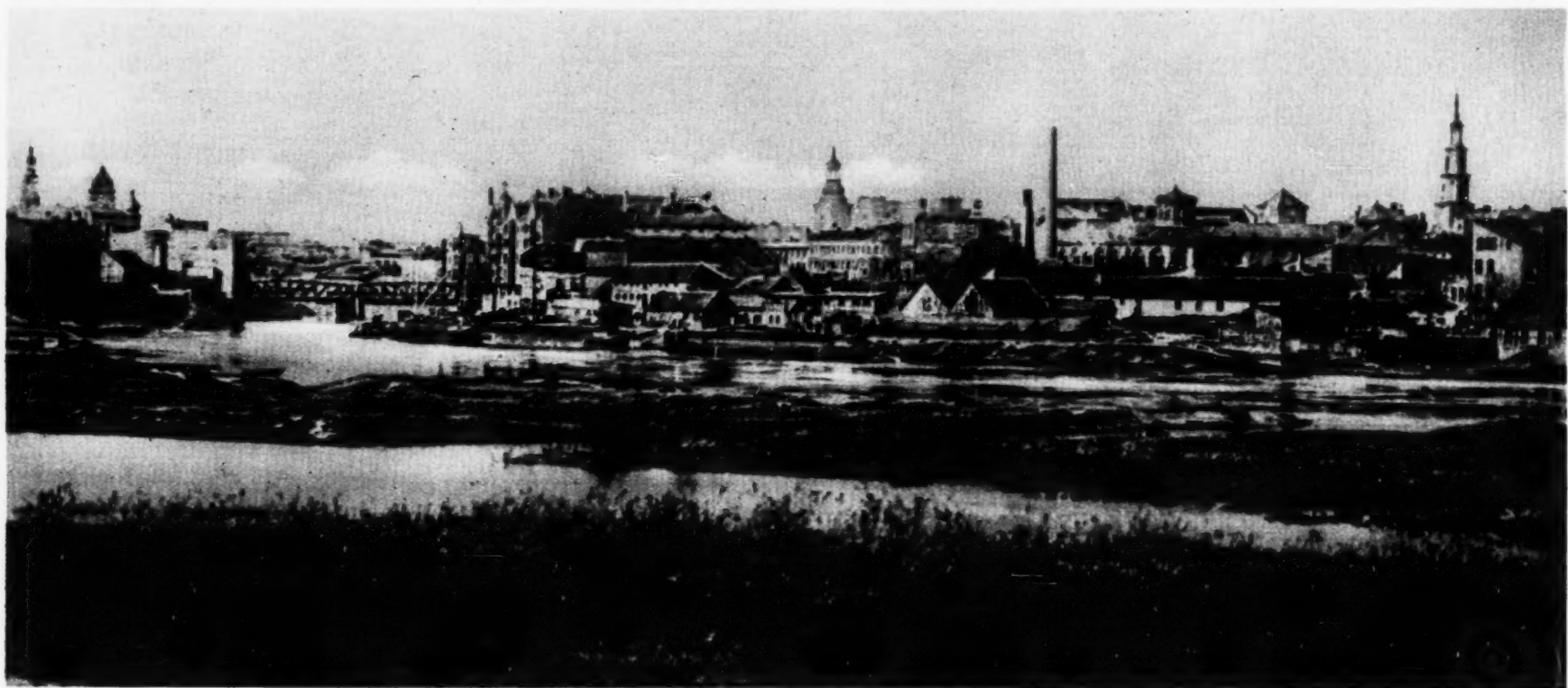


THE DISPENSARY IS COMPACT AND CONVENIENT.



THE OFFICE OF THE DOCTOR IN CHARGE OF THE TRAIN.

IN THE PATH OF THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN EAST PRUSSIA



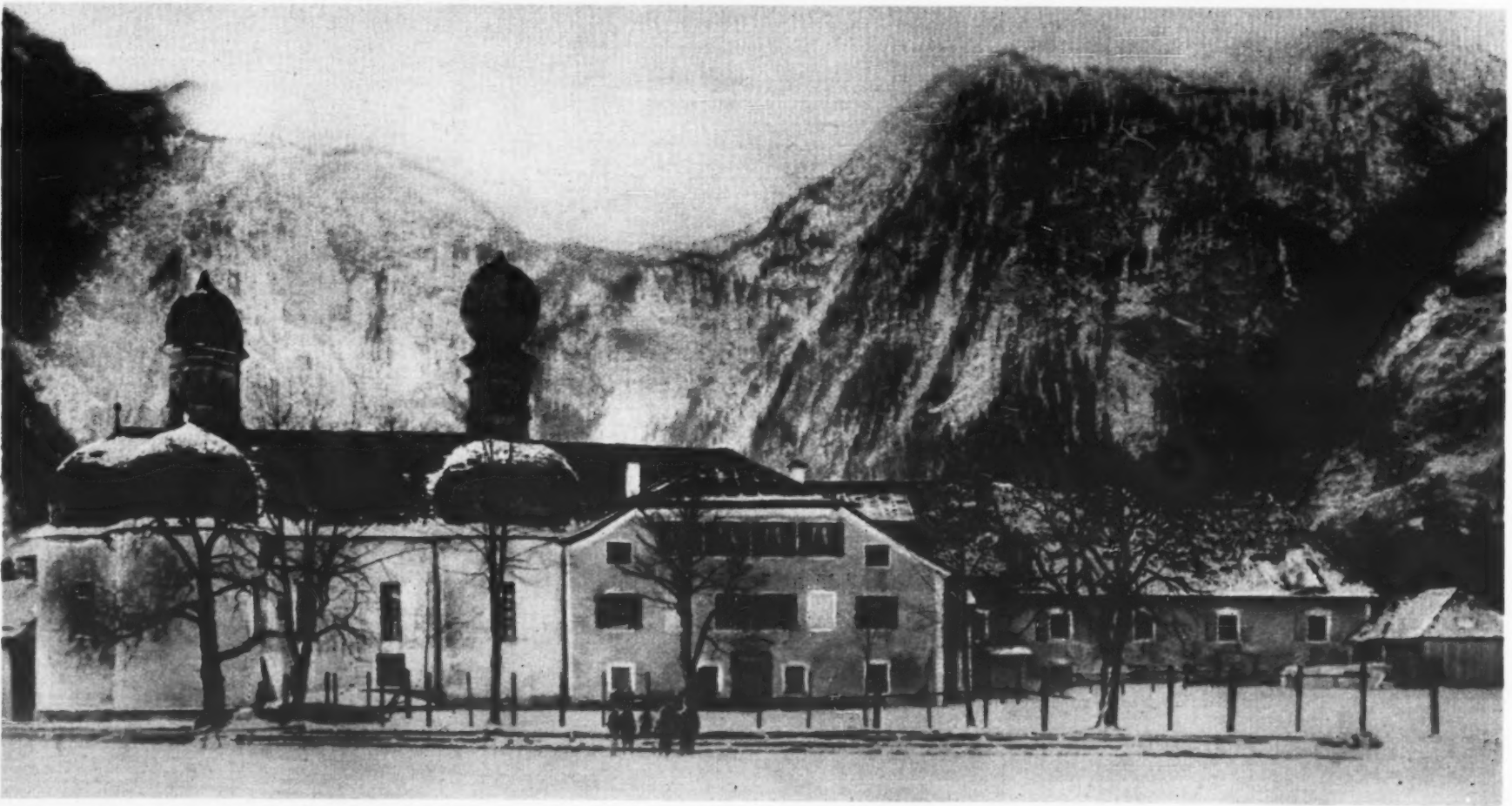
A PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF POSEN.

(Photos © by American Press Assn.)



AT THE RIVER'S EDGE IN THORN.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



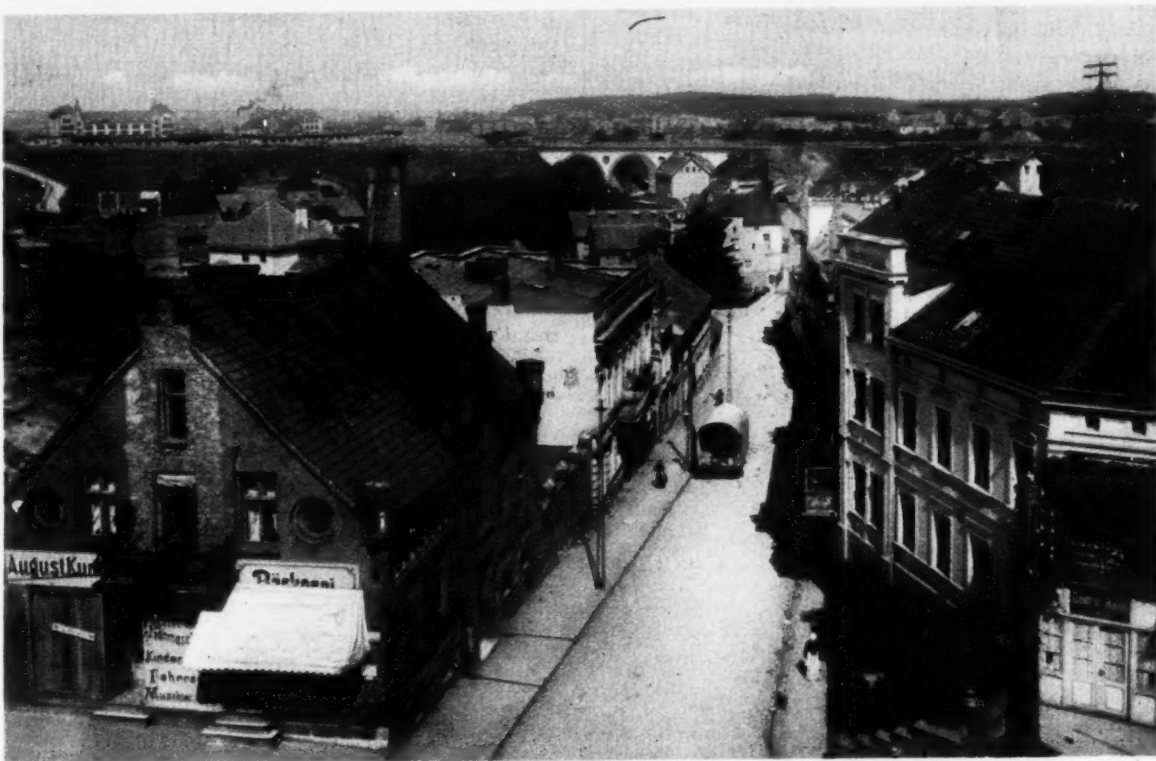
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ESTATE AT ROMMTEN, NEAR TILSIT, OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIANS IN THE FIRST INVASION.

IN THE PATH OF THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN EAST PRUSSIA

WHEN, in 1846, Austria and Russia, in spite of the remonstrance of France and England, tore up the "scrap of paper" which had guaranteed the perpetual independence and neutrality of Cracow, and the last vestige of the nation of Poland was removed from the map of Central Europe, many towns which for centuries had been renowned in the parlous history of religious, racial, and political strife lost their interest in Western eyes.

The war has brought them into view again. It is possible that a revival of the State of Poland, which has been promised by Russia, may keep them there. Besides Cracow, with its memories of its founder Krakus and its greatest patriot, Kosciuszko, to whom, by the way, America owes some gratitude, there are the old cities of the Hanseatic League, Thorn and Posen—the former, the birthplace of the astronomer Copernicus and once the great stronghold of the Teutonic Knights, and the latter with its Prussianized museums and art galleries—there are Tilsit, where Napoleon in 1807 almost kept his promise to free Poland from the yoke of Russia and Prussia; the industrial town of Allenstein, the scene of the great German victory over the Russians on Sept. 16 last; Rastenburg, with its factories, and those other industrial towns of the south, Jaroslav and Przemyśl, whose numerous sieges in the present war have been the despair of the chronicler.

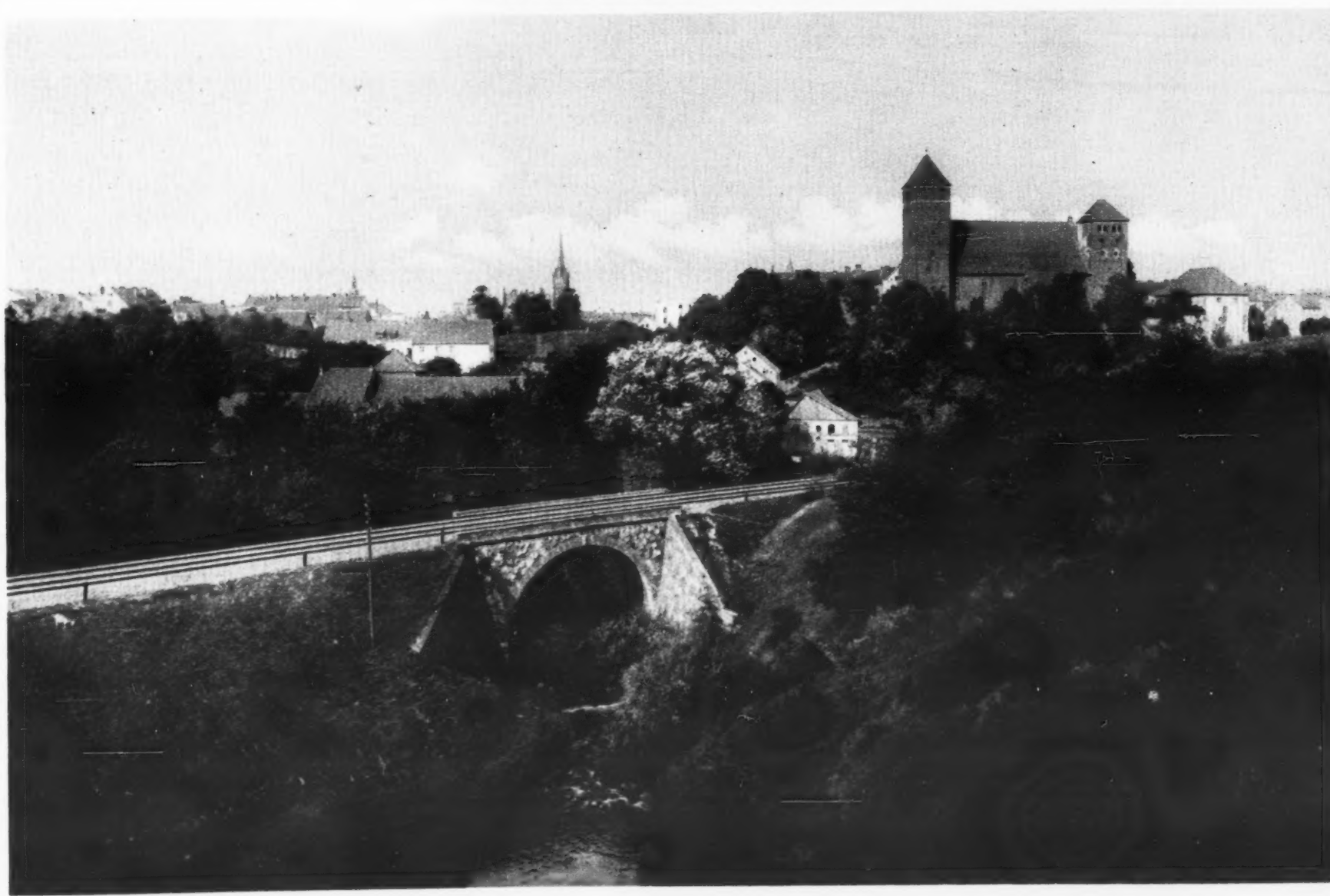
But in the forest lands of East Prussia, the favorite hunting ground of the ancient Polish royalty, there has suddenly emerged a little town of 1,200 inhabitants, hitherto entirely unknown to history. This is Rominten, where in 1890 the German Kaiser built a hunting lodge and a church, both in Norwegian style, and began the breeding of cattle. That he was successful is testified to by the Russian invaders, who, with a commendable regard for their home stock and a disregard for their hunger, transported the entire herd to Moscow. There in the beautiful grounds of the Agricultural Institute the work of the German Kaiser as a cattle breeder is continued under different, but, it is declared, far more favorable, auspices.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF ALLENSTEIN.



A BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE IN TILSIT.



A RAILROAD BRIDGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO RASTENBURG.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF CURRENT AMERICAN ART



PETER, BY ADOLPHE BORIE.
Exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.



PORTRAIT, by Charles Hopkinson.
Awarded a Prize at the Annual Exhibit of the
Pennsylvania Academy.

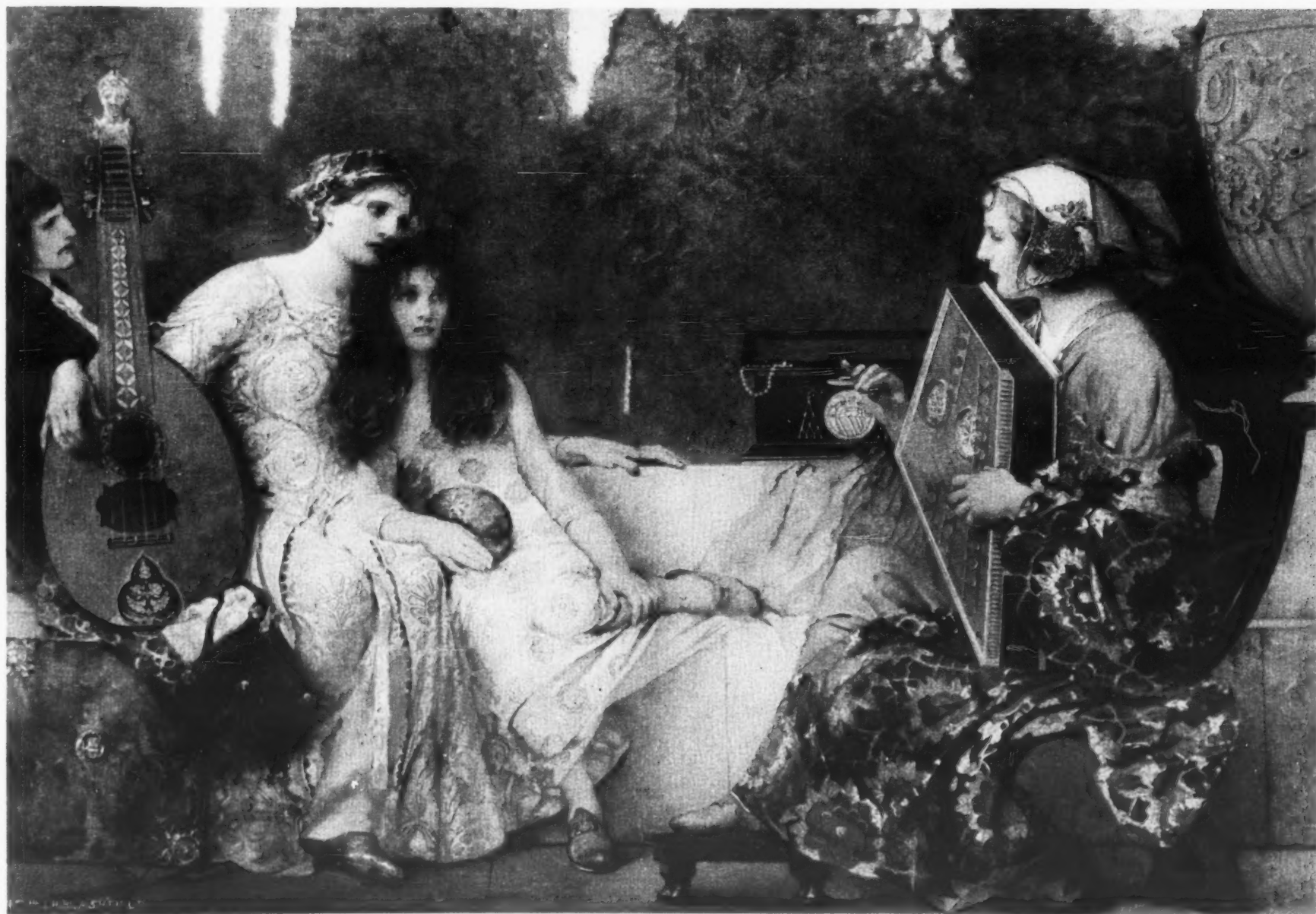


GIRL WITH A GUITAR, by Charles Dana Gibson.
A Study in Oils by the Popular Illustrator on Exhibition
At the National Association of Portrait Painters.

NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF CURRENT AMERICAN ART



BOOKS, BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.



MUSIC, BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

Two Mural Panels for the House of Everett Morss, Esq., Boston, From the Annual Exhibit of the Architectural League of New York.

(Photos by P. A. Juley, © by E. H. Blashfield.)

NEW YORK'S "BUNDLE DAY" A BOON TO THE POOR



THE DOUBLE LINE OF APPLICANTS FOR BUNDLES AT THE DISTRIBUTING STATION IN MADISON SQUARE.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



A Mother from the Italian Quarter Receives Good Warm Clothing For Herself and Family.



A Family, Quite Destitute, Who Waited in Line for Almost Twelve Hours for Their Bundle.



WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS AS GUESTS OF THE KAISER DRIVING IN ONE OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGES IN THE PARK OF SANS SOUCI IN POTSDAM.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Company.)

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AN OLD FRENCH WOMAN GETTING TOBACCO AND A LIGHT FROM
GERMAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)